

# The Burlington Free Press.

NOT THE GLORY OF CÆSAR; BUT THE WELFARE OF ROME.

BY H. B. STACY.

FRIDAY, MARCH 31, 1837.

VOL. X--No. 510.



## THE STRANGER AND HIS FRIEND.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, ESQ.

Matt. xxv. 25-40.

A poor wayfaring man of grief  
Hath often crossed me on my way,  
Who said so humbly for relief  
That I could never answer nay;  
I had not power to ask his name,  
Whether he went, or whence he came,  
Yet there was something in his eye  
That won my love—I know not why.

Once when my empty meal was spread,  
He enter'd—not a word he spoke;  
Just perishing from want of bread:  
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,  
And ate, but gave me part again:  
Mine was an angel's portion then,  
And while I fed with eager haste,  
The crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him where a fountain burst  
Clear from the rock, his strength was gone  
The heedless water mock'd his thirst.  
He heard it, saw it leaping on,  
I ran and raised the sufferer up,  
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,  
Dip, and returned it running o'er,  
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night, the floods were out, it blew  
A winter hurricane aloof;  
I heard his voice abroad, and flew  
To bid him welcome to my roof;  
I warm'd him, I cheer'd his guest,  
I laid him on my couch to rest,  
Then made the earth my bed, and seem'd  
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Spirit, wounded, beaten high to death,  
I found him by the highway side;  
I rous'd his pulse brought back his breath,  
Reviv'd his spirit, and supplied  
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd;  
—I had, myself, a wound conceal'd,  
But from that hour forgot the smart,  
And peace bound up my broken heart.

To prison I saw him sent condemn'd  
To meet a traitor's doom at noon;  
The tide of living tresses I stem'd;  
And honor'd him, 'mid shame and scorn,  
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,  
He ask'd if I for him would die?  
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill,  
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment, to my view,  
The stranger died in disguise;  
The tokens in his hands I knew;  
My SAVIOUR stood before mine eyes!  
He spake, and my poor name he nam'd—  
"Of me thou hast not been ashamed."  
These deeds shall live memorial be;  
Fear not, thou didst them unto me.

"We believe the circulation of a few  
thousand copies of that simple yet thrilling  
composition, 'The Deserted Wife,' by Dr.  
Perceval, would be productive of as much  
or more benefit than as many thousand tem-  
perance tracts. Who could resist such  
natural and touching eloquence as this?  
Are there any who can read and under-  
stand, whose feelings are dead to such pic-  
ture—whose hearts are neither the head to com-  
prehend nor the heart to appreciate such  
appeals to the finest sensibilities?—*Plattsburgh Republican.*

"He comes not—I have watched the sun go down,  
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.  
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow  
The while he holds his revel in the town.  
Yet he will come and elude, and I shall weep;  
And he will wake my infant from his sleep,  
To bleed its feeble wailing with his tears.  
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep.  
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers  
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, sick'd and deep.  
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now  
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,  
And feeds his passion on a waifon's lip.  
As bees, from laurel flowers a poison sip;  
But yet I cannot hate. O! there were hours,  
When I could hang forever on his eye,  
And time who stole with silent swiftness by,  
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flow'rs.  
I loved him then—he lov'd me too—my heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;  
The memory of his love will ne'er depart;  
And though he often smites me with a dart,  
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile  
Carreses which his babe and mine should share;  
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear  
His madness—and, should sickness come, and lay  
His paralyzing hand upon him, then  
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay:  
Until the penitent should weep and say,  
How injured and how faithful I had been."

"He comes not—I have watched the sun go down,  
But yet he comes not—once it was not so.  
He thinks not how these bitter tears do flow  
The while he holds his revel in the town.  
Yet he will come and elude, and I shall weep;  
And he will wake my infant from his sleep,  
To bleed its feeble wailing with his tears.  
O! how I love a mother's watch to keep.  
Over those sleeping eyes, that smile which cheers  
My heart, though sunk in sorrow, sick'd and deep.  
I had a husband once, who lov'd me—now  
He ever wears a frown upon his brow,  
And feeds his passion on a waifon's lip.  
As bees, from laurel flowers a poison sip;  
But yet I cannot hate. O! there were hours,  
When I could hang forever on his eye,  
And time who stole with silent swiftness by,  
Strew'd, as he hurried on, his path with flow'rs.  
I loved him then—he lov'd me too—my heart  
Still finds its fondness kindle, if he smile;  
The memory of his love will ne'er depart;  
And though he often smites me with a dart,  
Venom'd and barb'd, and waste upon the vile  
Carreses which his babe and mine should share;  
Though he should spurn me, I will calmly bear  
His madness—and, should sickness come, and lay  
His paralyzing hand upon him, then  
I would with kindness all my wrongs repay:  
Until the penitent should weep and say,  
How injured and how faithful I had been."

## THE MULBERRY—DIFFERENT SPECIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE CULTIVATOR—  
Sir—With your leave, I avail myself  
of the columns of your widely circulated peri-  
odical, to communicate to the silk culturists  
of the country, some information which ap-  
pears to me to be of great importance to  
them. I am one of those who firmly be-  
lieve, that the culture of silk in the United  
States, is of immense interest, regarded  
either as a national or individual concern,  
and I am rejoiced to see that this conviction  
has already taken root, and is daily extend-  
ing among the intelligent and patriotic citi-  
zens, so as to ensure its success.

It is my purpose to speak in this commu-  
nication, of several species of the mulberry,  
and of the qualities of their leaves as food  
for the silk worm, and their resistance to  
the rigors of our northern winters.  
The *Morus Alba*, or white Italian, it is  
certain, affords an excellent aliment for the  
worm, and at the same time is capable of  
enduring our severest cold weather. The  
branches of this tree are sometimes affected  
by frosts, especially if the autumn is un-  
favorable, and the wood has not been matu-  
red; but generally speaking, it is as hardy  
a tree as the apple. The silk produced  
from its leaves, is of a good quality, and  
well reeled and manufactured, makes beau-  
tiful fabrics. If we had no other species  
of the mulberry, we ought to be satisfied  
with this kind.

Much has been written and said of the  
Chinese, or *Morus Multicaulis*, and the  
expectations of the silk culturist have been  
highly excited as to the great value and  
importance of this species. It is a beauti-  
ful tree as regards the size and brilliancy  
of its leaves; and the facility with which  
it can be propagated, and its leaves gathered,  
would strongly recommend it to notice and  
cultivation. The question of the most im-  
portance is, what are the qualities of its  
leaves? It is well ascertained, that the  
quality of silk depends on the nutritive  
qualities of the mulberry leaves. Count  
Dandain, than whom there is no higher au-  
thority, says, that "the leaves of the broad  
leaved white mulberry contain but little  
saccharine matter," and you make the re-  
mark, which I believe to be correct, in the  
last number of the *Cultivator*, that "both  
the fabric and raw silk from our native  
mulberry, although they do not excel in  
softness and beauty, they appear equal to  
any in strength and durability." Gen.  
Tallmadge's information, that the Italian  
sowing silk, which stands so high, is nei-  
ther produced from the white mulberry nor  
the *Multicaulis*, but from the indigenous  
mulberry of the country, the black or *Morus  
Nigra*, confirms the position that the  
quality of the silk depends entirely on the  
quality of the leaf.

With these preliminary remarks, I state,  
that I received a letter from Mr. Andrie  
Michaux, under date of the 4th of July last,  
at Paris, containing the following remarks:  
—"The *Morus Multicaulis* does not answer  
the expectation it raised. Already we have  
ascertained that its leaves are not as  
suitable for the nourishment of the silk  
worm as those of the common white mul-  
berrytree. A method has been introduced,  
that promises to be advantageous, and has  
succeeded so far very well. It is to graft  
or inoculate near the earth, or two or three  
inches above the soil, the common white  
mulberry on the plants of the *Morus Multi-  
caulis*, two or three years old; these grafts  
of the common white mulberry grow to the  
height of four or six feet the same year."  
To enable us to decide on the verity of this  
statement, I can only say, that Mr. Mi-  
chaux had no possible motive to misrep-  
resent. His character stands too high even  
for suspicion; he is an eminent botanist  
and arborist, and his treatise on the trees  
of this country, attests to his ability in both  
departments.

I received a visit in November last from  
Mr. Lewis Fennell, one of the exiles from  
Lombardy in Italy. He arrived in the Uni-  
ted States during the last autumn, in com-  
pany with seven other exiles, in an Austri-  
an ship of war. Mr. Fennell is a well edu-  
cated and highly respectable gentleman,  
who had been thirty years engaged in the  
silk culture in Lombardy. He is intimately  
acquainted with the entire process, from  
the rearing of the mulberry to the prepara-  
tion of the silk for the loom. He informed  
me, without knowing of Mr. Michaux's  
letter, that the leaves of the *Morus Multi-  
caulis* were not considered as suitable food  
for the silk worm as the white Italian, and  
that the *Multicaulis* was used in Lombardy  
as a mere recipient for the graft or bud of  
the white. I was struck with the coinci-  
dence of this intelligence, and communicat-  
ed to him the contents of Mr. Michaux's  
letter.

I am not aware that we have any expe-  
rience in the United States which would  
justify our discrediting the testimony of two  
gentlemen of such high respectability. Pru-  
dence at least would suggest to those who  
intend planting the mulberry, to be better  
assured of the qualities of the *Morus Multi-  
caulis*, before they adopt it in preference to  
the white.  
The silks of Turkey have long been cel-  
ebrated for their softness, richness and bri-  
lliancy, notwithstanding the inferiority of  
their manipulation, to the silks of France  
and Italy. This can only be accounted for,  
by the superior excellence of the Turkish  
Mulberry. Commodore Porter visited  
Broussa in 1832, and in one of his published  
letters, says:—"We visited the silk manu-  
factories for which Broussa is celebrated;  
they are spread all over the city, but there  
is nothing that can be called a silk factory.  
The weaving is all done by job work, of so  
much the piece of 3-4ths of a yard or  
thereabouts; and these stuffs, so remarkable  
for their beauty, are woven in miserable little  
rooms, only large enough to contain the  
loom and the weaver, or two weavers, as  
the case may be."

Fortunately there are already trees grow-  
ing in this country, from the seeds of the  
Broussa mulberry. Mr. Charles Rhind,  
some years American Consul at Odessa,  
struck with the beauty and brilliancy of the  
Turkish silk, came to the conclusion, that  
it was attributable to the superior qualities  
of their mulberry leaves; and that he could  
not confer a greater benefit upon his coun-  
try than in acquiring the seed of this spe-  
cies, and planting it here. From the local  
situation of Broussa, which is on elevated  
ground at the base of Mount Olympus,  
whose tops are covered with perpetual  
snow, and from the hardness of the mul-  
berry trees growing there, he concluded  
that it was adapted to our climate and  
would resist our severest winters. He ob-  
tained a quantity of the Broussa seed, and  
committed them to the care and cultivation  
of David Ruggles, Esq. of Newburgh, on  
the Hudson River just above the Highlands.  
Under the superintendence of Mr. Ruggles,  
he has growing in his nursery, ten or twelve  
thousand trees, of about three years old.  
Through the kindness of these gentlemen,  
I planted out upwards of a hundred of these  
young trees, during the last spring. Mr.  
Ruggles asserts, (and from the appearance  
of the trees he sent me, I can confirm his  
statement,) they are very hardy, and not  
one of the several thousand growing in his  
nursery, has been affected or killed by the  
two last severe winters. Those I received  
were alive and unaffected at their place  
and branches; they suffered little in transplan-  
ting, and but one died. When they made  
new wood during the summer, it became  
mature and lignous, so that when the cold

weather came on the last fall, every part of  
the tree was mature. My own observation  
convinces me, that this species of the mul-  
berry is better adapted to our climate, than  
any other kind, and that it is harder than  
the white. Mr. Rhind is of opinion that  
this species flourishes best in an elevated  
locality, and that it does not require a rich  
soil.

These trees will not be in the market un-  
til after a full trial of the qualities of their  
leaves in the nourishment of the silk worm;  
and if they answer the high expectations  
which Mr. Rhind cherishes, he will expect,  
and justly so in my opinion, to reap an am-  
ple reward for the expense he has been at  
and the trouble he has taken in introducing  
them into this country. It is my intention  
to feed a few worms exclusively on the  
leaves of the trees I have, during the ensu-  
ing season, and the result shall be made  
known.

Commodore Porter informs us, that the  
silk worm is reared in almost every house  
in Broussa, the inhabitants devoting to that  
purpose every room they can spare. "The  
town (he says,) is surrounded by plantations  
of mulberry for the use of the silk worm,  
and asses laden with the limbs of which,  
may be every instant seen going to the city.  
These trees are planted in rows, not more  
than two or three feet apart, and are cut  
so low, that a man can reach the topmost  
limbs, which are all cut off every year as  
the worms require them."

The Turks have set us an example wor-  
thy of imitation. If the farmers in the  
neighborhood of our cities and villages  
would plant out mulberry trees, and supply  
the markets with the foliage daily; what  
is to hinder a vast many families from rear-  
ing the worm? I venture the assertion,  
that if families in moderate circumstances  
in the city of Albany alone, could be thus  
supplied, silk to the amount of one million  
of dollars might be produced annually. In  
this calculation I include, as a domestic  
employment, the reeling of the silk from  
the cocoons also. This process has been  
considered one requiring long practical in-  
struction. The art of reeling a thread of  
equal size throughout, upon the reels in  
use in Italy and France, may and probably  
does require very considerable experience;  
but American ingenuity has taught us bet-  
ter. Brooks' reel, lately exhibited in this  
city, is believed to be a great improvement  
on any foreign reel, and it was made evi-  
dent that the art of reeling on that reel is  
of very easy acquisition, whilst the work is  
admirably performed. What superadded  
comfort to the families of our cities and vil-  
lages might enjoy, if we would learn to fol-  
low the example of the inhabitants of Broussa!  
The farmers in the vicinity of our cities  
would be amply compensated for all their  
expense and trouble in the sale of the leaves  
of the mulberry.

The Turkish method of planting their  
trees is excellent. The mulberry should  
be kept headed down—never suffered to  
grow higher than six feet, and the lateral  
branches pruned. In my opinion, their  
trees are set too close together; they should  
have sufficient air and sun, and five or six  
feet apart would give them both.  
Mr. Fennell observed to me, that there  
should never be more than one crop of  
worms raised in one season; that plucking  
the leaves more than once in the same sea-  
son was injurious to the trees, as they re-  
quired new foliage to repair the injury of  
the first plucking; and that in Lombardy  
this was an established principle.

If, in any part of this communication, I  
have said anything which may affect the  
interest of those who are propagating the  
*Morus Multicaulis* for sale, I regret the ne-  
cessity which has imposed it on me as a  
duty, to promulgate what I believe to be  
both material and true.

Yours, &c. A. SPENCER.

## DUTTON CORN.

NORTHAMPTON, Jan. 18, 1837.

*Judge Buel*—Dear Sir—The following  
is the method of culture, and result of the  
seed corn purchased of you last autumn,  
which, if you think proper, you are at  
liberty to give a place in the *Cultivator*.  
The variety is the twelve rowed early Dut-  
ton, or Buel corn, and is the best with  
which I am acquainted, particularly for  
latitudes north of 40°. On account of its  
early maturity, which is, I should say, two  
weeks earlier than the common or eight  
rowed kind. Out of several acres of the  
latter, planted the last season, I had not a  
bushel of sound corn, it being destroyed by  
the early frosts, while the Dutton was ri-  
pened and harvested on the 20th Septem-  
ber, and did not give more than two per  
cent of soft corn. In the preparation of  
the method of culture, &c. I pursued the  
course frequently recommended by you;  
but was, through the whole process, ex-  
ceedingly annoyed in contending with old  
prejudices and practices of laborers and  
others, who often rebelled, and were dis-  
posed to place themselves conservators  
over me, in spite of all resistance on my  
part. If their prophecies were to prove  
true, my corn would have been seven times  
blasted. Grave doubts were expressed as  
to the advantage of the roller, and in the  
preparation of the seed "whoever heard  
of rolling corn in hot tar?" would be scan-  
daled, ruined, and never come up." It all  
came up however, and why? Because, be-  
ing of the early variety, it was well ripened  
the preceding backward season, the re-  
verse of which was much complained of in  
the common kind. Then, again, "it was  
too thick—depend upon it, sir, when you  
come to look for ears, you will find nothing  
but stalks; two feet and a half four  
stalks in a hill! it is entirely too much—  
it will cover the ground and you will get  
nothing." As to smooth hoeing, or with-  
out hills, it was a thing they had "strong  
doubts about." The cultivator, however  
was allowed to be a "grand thing," and  
clean weeding presented no objections;  
were of course a long respite, and I  
has allowed quietly to enjoy the pleasant  
anticipation of a good crop. It so hap-  
pened that my corn was not bid in a cor-

ner, but grew in an open field, was sub-  
ject to the daily inspection of many a pas-  
ser by, and I was much gratified by the  
frequent remark, "what a fine piece of  
corn!" But when the harvesting came,  
the objector says, "you have done wrong  
in cutting it up, it is better to top it," and  
again, "you are to early, it will not harden."  
The fact is, however, it got thoroughly hard,  
and brighter or better corn I never saw;  
it was cut the 20th September, husked and  
weighed the 10th November. The piece  
of ground measured one acre and five  
and a half rods, and yielded eight thousand  
seven hundred and eleven and half pounds,  
in the ear, (which, at 75 lbs. the bushel,  
allowed by the agricultural society,) gave  
one hundred twelve and a half bushels to  
the acre, also, four heavy two horse loads  
for well cured corn stalks, worth more than  
a ton of the best hay.

## PREPARATION OF THE GROUND, MANURE, &c.

I have a fine lot, containing six acres,  
lying east, and in full view from my house,  
on which two or three years ago, I com-  
menced farming in miniature, on the rota-  
tion system, that I might judge of the com-  
parative profit of good systematic culture,  
(by some laughed at his book knowledge,)  
compared with a slovenly and parsimonious  
habit, too often persevered in, and I am so  
far much pleased with the result: it speaks  
loud in favor of good husbandry. I am  
well satisfied, too, that you must feed your  
land if you would be fed yourself. This  
lot has for many years, (fifty or more, for  
aught I know,) been undisturbed by the  
plough, from the erroneous opinion that  
good grass land should remain for the  
scythe only. The soil is mostly a warm  
sandy loam; some part of it, however, is  
low and wet; this I have overcome by  
thorough draining. (On this subject I may  
hereafter have something to say.)

I prepared by deep ploughing last fall, a  
part of the above lot, carted and spread up-  
on it the 10th of May, 38 loads of long un-  
fermented stable dung to the acre, making  
five heaps to the load, dropped at five yards  
distance each way; this, after being care-  
fully spread, was passed over with a heavy  
roller, and afterwards well harrowed, plan-  
ted the 15th of May, and ashed as it made  
its appearance above ground.

## ESTIMATE OF EXPENSES, &c.

Dr.—To ploughing with two yoke of cattle, 1 1-2 days, at \$3.	\$4 50
Rolling and harrowing 1 1-2 days.	
Seed corn, at \$2.	3 00
Seed corn, at \$1.	1 00
Preparing seed with tar, &c.	25
Planting, two days, at \$1.	2 00
Three hoeings, two days each, at	6 00
Horse and man 1 1-2 days, with cultivator, at \$1.50.	2 25
Cutting and binding two days, at	2 00
Picking and husking 7 days, at \$1.	7 00
38 loads manure, at \$1.	38 00
Carting and spreading, at 25 cts.	9 50
	\$47 50
Deduct two-thirds for the succee- ding crops in the rotation.	31 61
	15 89
20 bushels ashes, at 12 1-2 cents.	2 50
Spreading one day, at \$1.	1 00
Interest on land, valued at \$150.	9 00
	56 39
Cr.—By 62 1-2 bushels corn, at \$1.50.	93 75
50 do. seed do. at	100 00
\$2.00 do. soft do. at 50	
cts. 4 loads stalks,	1 00
	209 75
Deduct expenses, . . .	56 39
Profit, . . .	\$153 36

I have not had experience enough to  
know which is the most preferable, to  
plough old sward land in the fall, and  
spread the manure on the surface the fol-  
lowing spring, or to spread the manure in  
the spring before ploughing, and then turn  
it in. I think much may depend on the  
season, in the first practice; if the season  
should be dry, may not a good deal be dis-  
tributed by the winds? and again, if it  
should be wet, may not the roots reap a  
greater advantage than lay beneath the  
turf? I will thank you for your views on  
the subject.

Although I used my own teams, and hired  
my labor by the month, at 12 to \$14,  
yet in consequence of rainy weather, broken  
days, &c., I think it but right to charge  
the fair price of labor by the day, both  
for man and team. In estimates of this  
kind, the labor is frequently charged per  
day at the average of the price per  
month, which makes quite a different re-  
sult. The estimate of corn, at \$1 50, may  
appear to many overrated, nevertheless it  
is a fact, that corn of an inferior quality is  
selling with us at that price.

Yours very respectfully,

H. G. BOWERS.

N. B. Since writing the above, it oc-  
curred to me that, although in the prepara-  
tion of seed corn, tar is recommended  
chiefly, as a protection against birds, it may  
also have another very important effect,  
(thereby saving a replanting in consequence  
of wet weather,) in providing a coat, im-  
penetrable to the superabundant water, until  
the sun shall, by its genial warmth, cause  
the germ to disengage itself from its con-  
finement.

The Beet Sugar business will receive a  
generous impulse from the bounty of three  
cents per pound for five years, offered by  
thrust which has just passed our legisla-  
ture. It will enable the Northampton  
Company to pay well for the beets and  
thus generously compensate the farmers.  
This company, by the way, will commence  
operations early in May, or sooner, if Mr.  
Isard returns from France. A suitable

location for the factory will be found,  
but dings erected and the machinery put in,  
in season to use the beet crop of this au-  
tumn. The difficulty will probably be,  
in not obtaining enough of the raw materi-  
al this fall for their immediate consumption.  
—*Northampton Cour.*

## THE BEGGAR AT THE BARRIER

DE PASSY

Many years since, when I was a young  
man about twenty years of age, I used ve-  
ry frequently to spend a Sunday with my  
mother, who resided at Versailles, this be-  
ing the only day of the week on which I  
could leave Paris. I generally walked as  
far as the Barrier, and thence I took a seat  
in one of the public carriages to my moth-  
er's house.—When I happened to be too  
early for the diligence. I used to stop and  
converse with a beggar whose name was  
Anthony, and who regularly to his station  
at the Barrier de Passy, where, in a loud  
voice, he solicited alms from every one  
who passed, with a degree of perseverance  
that was really astonishing. I generally  
gave him a trifle, without inquiring wheth-  
er he deserved it or not, partly because I  
had got into the habit of doing so and part-  
ly to get rid of his importunities. One  
day in summer, as I waited for the dil-  
igence I found Anthony at his usual post  
exerting his lungs, and bawling incessantly  
his accustomed form of petition.—"For the  
love heaven, bestow your alms on a poor  
man—Messieurs, Madames, the smallest  
trifles will be gratefully received." While  
Anthony was in this manner pouring forth  
his exclamation into the ears of every one  
who came within reach of his voice, a  
middle aged man of respectable parents  
joined us. He had a pleasant expression  
of countenance, was very well dressed, and  
it might be seen at a glance, that he was  
a man in good circumstances.—Here was a  
fit subject for the beggar, who quickly  
made his advances, proclaiming in a loud  
voice his poverty, and soliciting relief.—  
"You need not be a beggar unless you  
please," said the gentleman, "when you can  
have an income of 10,000 crowns." "You  
are pleased to jest," answered Anthony.  
"By no means," said the gentleman, "I was  
never more serious in my life. Listen to  
me, my friend.—You perceive that I am  
well dressed, and I tell you that I have ev-  
erything that a reasonable man need de-  
sire." "Ah! sir, you are a fortunate man."  
"Well, but my friend, I would not have  
been so if I had sat and begged as you are  
doing." "I have no other means of gain-  
ing my living." "Are you lame?" "No, sir."  
"You are not blind, or deaf, and you cer-  
tainly are not dumb, as every passer by can  
testify. Listen: I shall tell you my history  
in a few words. Some fifteen or twenty  
years ago, I was a beggar like yourself; at  
length I began to see that it was very dis-  
graceful to live on the bounty of others,  
and I resolved to abandon this shameful  
way of life as soon as I possibly could. I  
quitted Paris—I went into the provinces—I  
begged for old rags. The people were very  
kind to me, and in short time I re-  
turned to Paris with a tolerably large bun-  
dle of rags of every description. I carried  
them to a paper maker, who bought them  
at a fair price. I went on collecting, until  
at my great joy, my finances enabled me  
to purchase rags so that I was no longer  
forced to beg for them.

At length, by diligence and industry, I  
became rich enough to buy an ass with two  
panniers, and thus saved me both time and  
labor. My business increased, the paper  
makers found that I dealt honestly by them;  
I never palmed off old rags for good ones;  
I prospered, and see the result—in place of  
being a poor despised beggar, I have ten  
thousand crowns a year, and two houses in  
one of the best streets in Paris. If, then,  
my friend, you can do no better, begin as a  
rag merchant, and here," he continued, "is  
a crown to set you up in your new trade;  
it is more than I had; and in addition,  
please take notice, that if I find you here,  
another Sunday, I shall report you to the  
police." On saying this, the old gentleman  
walked off, leaving Anthony and myself in  
a great surprise. Indeed, the beggar had  
been so much interested in the history he  
had heard, that he stood with open mouth  
and eyes in astonishment, nor had he even  
power to solicit alms from two well dressed  
ladies who passed at that moment. I could  
not help being struck with the story, but I  
had no time to comment on it, as the dil-  
igence had arrived in which I seated my-  
self and pursued my way. From that pe-  
riod I lost sight of the beggar, whether the  
fear of the police, or the hopes of gaining  
ten thousand crowns a year, had wrought  
the change, I was not aware; it is suffi-  
cient to say, that from that day forward he  
was never seen at the Barrier. Many years  
after, it happened that business called me  
to Tours. In strolling the city I stepped  
into a bookseller's shop to purchase a new  
work that had made some noise. I found  
three four young men, all busily employed,  
while a stout good looking man was giving  
them orders, as he walked up and down,  
with an air of importance. I thought I  
had seen the face of the bookseller, be-  
fore, but where, I could not for the mo-  
ment tell, until he spoke, and then I dis-  
covered him to be my old friend Anthony.  
The recognition was mutual; he grasped  
my hand, and led me through his shop into  
a well furnished parlor; he lavished every  
kindness on me; and, finally gave me his  
history from the time we parted at the  
Barrier. With the crown of the stranger  
he began, as he had advised him, to col-  
lect rags; he made money; became the  
partner of a paper manufacturer; married  
his daughter; in short, his hopes were ful-  
filled; his ambition gratified, and he could  
now count his income at ten thousand  
francs. He prayed every day for blessings  
on his benefactor, who had been the means  
of raising him from the degraded condition  
of a common beggar. Anthony is so con-  
vinced of the evil and sin of idleness, and  
of subsisting on the alms of others, that  
while liberal and kind to those who are

willing to work, no entreaties, no supplica-  
tions, ever prevailed on him to bestow a  
single sous on those who would not help  
themselves.—*Ladies Companion.*

## AMERICAN LADIES.

Francis J. Grund, a German, who lived  
some years in this country, and published  
a work on Geometry, has just gone to Eng-  
land, where he has published a big book,  
entitled "The Americans." The following  
is a portion of his observations on the A-  
merican Ladies:

The forms of American ladies are gener-  
ally distinguished by great symmetry and  
fineness of proportion; but their frames and  
constitutions seem to be less vigorous than  
those of the ladies of almost any country  
in Europe. Their complexions which, to the  
south, inclining towards the Spanish, are,  
to the north, remarkably fair and blooming;  
and, while young, by far the greater portion  
of them are decidedly handsome. A mark-  
ed expression of intelligence, and a certain  
indescribable air of languor, probably the  
result of the climate, lend to their counten-  
ances a peculiar charm, in which it would  
be difficult to find a parallel in Europe. An  
American lady, in her teens, is, perhaps,  
the most lively like creature on earth. Her  
limbs are exquisitely wrought, her motions  
are light and graceful, and her carriage at  
once easy and dignified.

But these beauties, it is painful to say,  
are doomed to an early decay. At the  
period of twenty four, a certain want of  
fullness in proportion is already percepti-  
ble; and, once passed the age of thirty,  
the whole fabric goes seemingly into decay.  
As the principle cause of the sudden de-  
cline, some allege the climate; but I sub-  
scribe it more willingly to the great assid-  
uity with which American ladies dis-  
charge their duties as mothers. No soon-  
er are they married than they begin to  
lead a life of comparative seclusion; and,  
once mothers, they are actually buried to  
the world. At the period of ushering their  
children into society, they appear, indeed,  
once more, as respectable matrons; but  
they are then only the silent witnesses of  
the triumphs of their daughters. An  
American mother is the nurse, tutor, friend,  
and counsellor of their children. Nearly  
the whole business of education devolves  
upon her; and the task is, in many instan-  
ces, beyond her physical ability. Thus, it  
is customary with many ladies in New  
England not only to hear their children re-  
cite the lessons assigned to them at school;  
but actually to expound to them, and as-  
sist them in the solution of arithmetical  
and algebraic problems. There are mar-  
ried ladies who apply themselves seriously  
to the study of mathematics and the clas-  
sics, for no other purpose than forwarding the  
education of their children; and I have  
known young men who have entered col-  
lege with no other instructions, in any of  
the preparatory departments, than what  
they received from their mothers. But  
this continued application to the most ar-  
duous duties, the increasing care and wel-  
fare of their children, and the consequent  
unreasonable confinement to the house and  
nursery, undermine constitutions, already  
by nature sufficiently delicate; and it is  
thus, by the sacrifice of health and beauty,  
that American ladies pay to their offspring  
the sacred tribute of maternal affection.—  
No human being can ever requite the ten-  
der care of a mother; but it appears to me  
that the Americans have, in this respect,  
obligations immeasurably greater than  
those of the inhabitants of any other  
country.

## ECONOMIES.

*How to save oil and candles.*—Use sun  
light two hours in the morning, and dis-  
pense with candles and lamps two hours  
after 9 P. M. The morning sun-light is  
much cheaper and better than evening  
lamp light.

*How to save expense in clothing.*—por-  
chase that which is at once decent, and  
the most durable; and wear your gar-  
ments despite the frequent changes of fash-  
ion, till it becomes too defaced to appear  
decent; then turn it and wear it hence-  
forth as long as it protects the body. A  
blue coat is as warm after fashion requires  
a green one, as it ever was. A red shawl  
in fashion to day, is as comfortable as  
a black one which fashions requires to-  
morrow. A few years hence your fame  
will not depend upon the style, color or  
quality of the broadcloth you wore in  
1837.